

The Revolution.

175538.



"What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

VOL. VI.—NO. 1.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1870.

WHOLE NO. 131.

Poetry.

A PROBLEM.

My darling has a merry eye,
And voice like silver bells:
How shall I win her, prithee, say—
By what magic spells?

If I frown she shakes her head,
If I weep she smiles;
Time would fail me to recount
All her wilful wiles.

She flouts me so—she stings me so—
Yet will not let me stir—
In vain I try to pass her by,
My little chesnut bur.

When I yield to every whim
She straight begins to pout.
Tell me how to read my love,
How to find her out!

For flowers she gives me thistle blooms—
Her turtle doves are crows—
I am the groaning weather-vane,
And she the wind that blows.

My little love! My teasing love!
Was woman made for man—
A rose that blossomed from his side?
Believe it—those who can.

I went to sleep—I'm sure of it—
Some luckless summer morn;
A rib was taken from my side,
And of it made a thorn.

But still I seek by some fond art
To link it to my life.
Come, solve my problem, married men!
Teach me to win my wife.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

MY CREED.

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else named piety
A selfish scheme, a vain pretence.
Where centre is not, can there be
Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go,
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so;

Whether it be the lullabies
That charm to rest the nestling bird,
Or that sweet confidence of sighs,
And blushes without word;

Whether the dazzling and the flush
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,
Or by some cabin door or bush
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the white phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, or s'ated prayers,
To make us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From work, or theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

ALICE CARY

Miscellany.

GEORGE SAND AND THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

BY EUGENE BENSON.

The extracts we have given from her novels sufficiently show the lucid intelligence, the moral indignation, and the bold affirmations of George Sand in the name and interest of her sex. But lest they be set aside as the language of her dramatic personages, and as such, speaking from unreal or exceptional situations, we will reproduce here some passages from George Sand's admirable letter to M Nisard. It is an eloquent and sustained piece of writing, and serves well to give us a just idea of the dignity and force of George Sand as the advocate of her sex:

GEORGE SAND TO A. M. NISARD.

SIR: There are very few criticisms that pay us for accepting what is praiseworthy in them, or for rebuking what is erroneous in them. If I receive with gratitude what your criticism has of urbanity, and if I try to oppose what it has of severity, it is that I find in it, as well as talent and light, a great fund of tolerance and good faith.

If the question with me were one of satisfied vanity, I should have but thanks to offer you, for you grant to the imaginative part of my stories far more praise than it deserves. But the more I am touched by your suffrage, the more it is impossible for me to accept your blame in certain respects. And it is to exculpate myself—in spite of myself and contrary to my custom—that I commit the impertinence of speaking of myself to one whom I have not the honor to know.

You say that hatred of marriage is the aim of all my books. Allow me to except from that number four or five, among them *Lelia*, which you place in the number of pleadings against the social institution, and in which I do not know that one word is said of it. *Lelia* could also answer, among all my essays, to the reproach that you address me of wishing to rehabilitate the egotism of the senses, and to make metaphysics of matter. *Indiana*, when I wrote it, did not appear to me to be an apology for adultery. I believe in that novel, where there is no adultery committed, if I remember it aright, the lover—the king of my books as you wittingly call him—has a worse role than the husband. *The Intimate Secretary* has for its subject the sweetness of conjugal fidelity. *Andrea* is neither against marriage nor for illicit love. *Simon* ends with marriage, and in *Valentine*, of which the *dénouement* is neither novel nor skilful, the old fatality intervenes to prevent the guilty woman from enjoying, by a second marriage, the happiness for which she had not known how to wait. In *Leoni* it is no more in play than in *Manon Lescaut*—for which I tried, with a view purely artistic, to make a mate—where a bold and frantic love for an unworthy object, the servitude which a corrupted being imposes on a being, blind in his weakness, is not presented in its results in more engaging colors than in the novel of the Abbe Prevost. *Jacques* remains, then, the only one which has been happy enough to receive from you some attention, and it certainly deserves more than any work of mine from a man as grave as you are.

It may be that *Jacques* proves all that you have found in it hostile to domestic order. It is true that the very opposite has been found in it, and either may be right. When a book, however futile it may be, does not prove clearly, conclusively, without contestation, and without answer, what it aims to prove, it is the fault of the

book, but not always the fault of the author. As an artist he has grossly sinned; his hand, without experience and without measure, has betrayed his thought; but as a man, he has not had the intention to mystify the public, nor to adulterate the principles of eternal good.

What I accept as completely true in your judgment is this: "The ruin of husbands, such has been the aim of the works of George Sand."

Yes sir, the ruin of husbands, such would have been the object of my ambition had I felt the strength of being a reformer; but if I have succeeded badly in making myself understood, it is because I have not had that force, and because I have in me more of the nature of a poet, than of a legislator. I imagine, however, that the novel, like comedy, is a school of life, where the abuses, the absurdities, the prejudices, the vices, of the time are the domain of a censure susceptible of taking every form. It has often happened to me to use the phrase "social laws" instead of the italicized words above, and I didn't dream one moment that there was danger in doing it. Who could suppose me to have the intention of remaking the laws of the country. I was astounded when a few *St. Simonians*, conscientious philanthropists, estimable and sincere seekers of the truth, asked me what I would put in the place of husbands? I answered them naively that it was marriage—in the same way [as in the place of priests who had so much compromised religion, I believe we ought to place religion.

It is true that I have committed a great fault against language, when, speaking of abuses, and absurdities, and prejudices, and vices of society, I expressed myself collectively and said *society*. I also have been wrong to say so often marriage instead of married persons. All those who know me, little or much, have not mistaken my meaning, because they never dreamed that I meant to remake the constitutional charter. I thought the public would occupy itself so little with my individual self that no one would think of blaming me for the use of words, or exercise over the life of a poor poet, in the seclusion of his attic, a sort of inquisition, to force him to justify his actions, his thoughts, his beliefs, to make him define the exact sense of expressions more or less vague, but always placed, perhaps, so as to explain themselves. It is possible that in this the public has not played a very grave role, and that the virile party pretending to be outraged, yielded itself to a little puerile gossip over a subject little worthy of so sad an honor. But what is certain is, that I have been wrong not to be perfectly clear, precise, logical, correct. Alas, sir, I reproach myself every day with a very grave wrong, it is not to be either Bossuet nor Montesquieu; but, I confess to you, I have little hope of correcting myself of it.

Another serious reproach that you address to me is this: "It would be perhaps more heroic to whoever has not a good lot, not to scandalize the world with his misfortunes in making of a private case a social question," etc.

The whole of this paragraph is nobly thought and nobly written. It is not the sentiment expressed that will find me rebellious. I place patience and abnegation above everything, and I answer nothing to what concerns me personally in this reproach. Were I writing to a priest, perhaps the recital of a general confession would victoriously win absolution, at the same time rebuke and penance. But there has been only Jean Jacques who had the right to confess in public, therefore I shall answer in a general manner.

It seems to me there is a great deal of pretension to abnegation and patience in the world. It seems to me we do not live in an age of independence and unlimited pride; I do not see that in this time men have a very vivid sentiment of their personal dignity, nor that they need be urged to bend both knees a little lower than they do to considerations and interests which are neither religion, nor morality, nor order, nor virtue. For the same reason I do not see that the wives of those

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men approach to the courage of the Spartan mothers, nor to the haughtiness of the Roman women.

At any rate, I believe that I see people have made a great abuse of *silence*, by means of which they escape the *violent crises* of marriage, the disorders, one should rather say, the calamities of separation. In ages of faith, at the time when they first heard of and adored Christ, abnegation and patience were to be recommended above all to women recently from the Druid-altars, the bloody bivouac, and the war-council, where their husbands had allowed them to initiate themselves too much. But to-day, when our customs have no more relation that I know of with the Germanic forests, and mostly since the *Regency* and the *Directory* have taught wives the secret of living in very good intelligence with their husbands, I allowed myself to think that if a sort of morality was necessary to frivolous stories, this might be adopted. The disorder of women is *very often* provoked by the ferocity or infamy of men. Or this: a lie is not virtue; cowardice is not abnegation; a husband who despises his duties with gaiety of heart, swearing, laughing, drinking, is *sometimes* less excusable than the woman who betrays her's in weeping, suffering, exalting.

To have done with the complete adhesion which I give to your decisions, I will tell you that in fact the love which I build up and crown over the ruins of the *infamous*, is my utopia, my dream, my poetry. That love is grand, noble, beautiful, voluntary, eternal; but that love is marriage such as Jesus made it, such as St. Paul explained it, such, if you choose, as that of which the sixth chapter of the fifth title of the civil code expresses the reciprocal duties. This I ask of society as an innovation, or as an institution lost in the night of ages, which it would be opportune to revive, to draw from the dust of ages and the slime of habits, if we wish to see veritable conjugal fidelity, the veritable repose and sanctity of the family, replace the species of shameful contract and stupid despotism bred in the infamous decrepitude of the world.

But you, sir, who judge from so high this social question, you indulgent philosopher, sensitive and strong-moralist, who do not believe in the danger of books reported immoral, why, in writing about me those three or four pages concerning public morals, did you lose so good a chance to rebuke the spirit of cupidity, the habits of debauchery and violence, which, on the part of men, authorize and provoke the crimes of the wife in so great a number of unions? Would you not have fulfilled in a more complete manner the duties that you had imposed upon yourself towards society, if you had pronounced yourself with force in favor of that antique Christian morality which prescribes gentleness and chastity to the master of the family? There is no question here of exceptional or ill-assorted unions. All possible unions should be intolerable to us so long as there is in custom an unlimited indulgence towards the errors of one sex, while the austere and salutary rigor of the past subsists only to repress and condemn the errors of the other.

I know full well that there is a certain courage to dare say in the face of a whole generation that it is unjust and corrupt. I know full well that in writing all that one thinks, one makes oneself a great many enemies among those who are well pleased with the vices of the time, and that one must expect, when one has had that frankness, to undergo during the remainder of one's days a persecution which shall not stop before the threshold of private life: but I also know that when certain women have had that courage, it would not be unworthy of a man, and above all, a man of conscience and of talent, to overlook whatever has been wanting in their efforts, and to give assistance and protection to whatever is brave and sincere in them.—*Lettres d'un Voyageur*.

Such is the drift and character of the ideas and thoughts—concerning the fundamental question involved in the role of woman in society—which, for the last forty years, George Sand has scattered throughout works that appeal to the warmest hearts and the finest minds by all the beauty of art and all the charm of romance. She has made her noblest characters speak the boldest language and express the most unconventional ideas. By enlisting our sympathies for persons she has opened the way for the entertainment of ideas cherished in private, dear to the solitary man and woman, but quite fatal to the pretensions and intrigues of social life. After making us

admire and understand *Jacques*, as a high-natured man who applies Christianity to his domestic experience, after making us feel and know that he has a delicate, and penetrating, and comprehensive understanding of the feminine being, she boldly places his convictions before the reader as follows:

I have not changed my opinion, I have not reconciled myself with society, and marriage is always, in my idea, one of the most barbarous institutions which society has sketched. I do not doubt it will be abolished some day, if the human species makes any progress towards justice and reason; a bond more human and not less sacred will replace this one, and we shall know how to guarantee the existence of children born of a man and a woman, without chaining forever the liberty of the one or of the other. But men are too coarse and women too cowardly to demand a law more noble than the iron law which governs them; beings without conscience and without virtue need heavy chains. The ameliorations dreamed of by a few generous minds, are impossible to realize in this age; these minds forget that they are a hundred years ahead of their contemporaries, and that before the law is changed man needs to be changed.—*Jacques*.

This was written thirty-five years ago. To-day, John Stuart Mill in England and Henry James in our own country, have dared only incidentally to put forth an analogous conception of the relation of the sexes. What with our timidity, what with our love of power, what with our perverse support of institutions which foster vice and hypocrisy in the fancied interests of virtue, we are at an immense distance from the social freedom, the chaste and voluntary state which is the ideal of our best men. It seems to us that Henry James, John Stuart Mill, and George Sand, have a more profound trust in the *indestructibility* of marriage, justly constituted, than the legislators who make it an official oath of the life-long surrender of the personal will of two beings. If marriage, as we believe, is founded upon an indestructible sentiment of humanity, it *must survive* the legal fiction of its existence; if it is not so founded, it has no reason of being; if it is so founded, it must be the voluntary and enforced state of the best association of the sexes in the future as in the past.

The object of our most delicate and emancipated minds, of our most humane thinkers, has been to liberate woman from the conception of marriage which makes her a victim, if she refuses to be a slave, without appeal against brutal law and an intolerable companion. The husband transformed into a lover! instead of constituting himself the master of a feeble being, making himself her friend and servitor! This is to realize the reign of love and revive the most beautiful element of Chivalry; and this conception George Sand has well seen is necessarily at the beginning of all justice and generosity in our social life, and without which the woman question is agitated in violation of the truth that we do not live by bread alone; and this conception has never been embodied and illustrated with a more attaching, a more fervid, a more forcible, and a more elevated spirit than in the unrivalled writings of George Sand. And this conception, we repeat, is at the bottom of all our interest in, and activity for, woman as a fine and superior being who has been dishonored by legislation, who has always more or less suffered from the literal, the mechanical and arbitrary will of human society.

In conclusion, it is worth while to say that George Sand—whose genius has been informed with so profound a sense of justice, so noble a morality, so grand a courage, so large a sense of art, so great a love of nature—has been wholly misjudged by timid and artificial people; and

men have croaked her name as a name of abomination; men have been found facile to express the sensitiveness of prudes and the ignorance of sectarians. But opinion changes, and the conclusions of yesterday are reconsidered by the man of to-day. George Sand, the broadest and purest creative mind of modern France, in assailing social abuses, and in pleading for freedom in our personal life, has never made a plea for licentiousness—or for any of the horrible disorders, or the indulgence of debasing propensities, with which well-meaning, ill-judging, and badly-informed people have associated her name. If she has depicted the social and religious revolt of a "Lelia," an ideal, proud, forlorn, and yet a grandly beautiful type, she has also created pure types of submission, simplicity, and content, as in *Francois Le Champs*. The diversities of place, situation and character, are as great as in Shakspeare—great as between Hamlet and Touchstone. France, of the nineteenth century, is in full dramatic life in the stories and romances of George Sand, and a nobler expression of French life does not exist outside of her books.

MARIANA.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

DESPITE the charming Idyl which Tennyson has painted for us in his "Mariana in the Moated Grange," despite the sweet, slow, delicious ringing of the music of those lines in one's brain, like sounds of distant bells floating at night-fall over the seas, I cannot help thinking that sentimental young woman betrayed a fatal lack of spirit under the circumstances.

Looked at a moment in the broad day-light of common-sense, the moon-shine and poetry and picturesqueness set aside, here was a man who had, in our homely vernacular, "given her the mitten." He was a rascal, very likely, but if he were, the measure of his villainy was the measure of Mariana's good luck in being well rid of him. If, instead, he were the manly knight, "without fear and without reproach," who is the shining ideal of every young girl's dream; and if mischance or misunderstanding, if pride or poverty, or pique, or any of those ten thousand rocks which always rise up in the course of True Love, and prevent its going, with smooth, swift current, to the shining sea of matrimony, were laid in the way of these lovers, Mariana, after all, showed herself very unequal to the occasion. She looks very interesting in that languishing, lackadaisical condition, in the solemn stillness of the old Grange, with the "thick-moted sunbeam" on the floor, and the "mouse" nibbling at the "mouldering wainscot," or watching the "gusty shadow" of that "white curtain," and hearkening to the cry of the shrill winds, over the "leagues of level waste," with its one ghostly "poplar." But still I cannot help thinking that Mariana would have been far more of a woman, if she had looked the facts bravely in the face, however bad they were, wiped the big tears away which had hung so long in her beautiful eyes, and set about removing the "blackest moss" from the "flower pots," and driving the bats out of the windows, and even setting in fresh nails where the rusted ones clung to the garden walls, dreadfully unpoetical as all that would have been.

She would not, it is true, have made so beautiful a lay-figure to sit for Tennyson's poem, but she would have made a much better

and happier woman, and have come to see in a little while that no man is worth a woman's dying for, and no woman a man's for that matter; and that love which does not strengthen and exalt one to bear whatever life may bring, has failed of its true purpose. But poor Mariana, had nothing better than that refrain swaying its perpetual despair across the sweet sadness of her lips,

She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said.
She said, "I am weary, weary,
I would that I were dead!"

All human hearts have said that sometimes, I suppose, when the lights went out and the fogs fell thickest, and there was nothing around them save

The level waste, the rounding gray,

but God somewhere in the eternal calm and light and joy, knows too well to answer such prayers.

It strikes me that we have had enough of the Mariana type of heroines in our novels and magazine stories, and poems.

What sort of a wife, now, do you honestly think that damsel fair and forlorn would have made for any ordinary man, in the stress and strain of every day life? Could her voice have charmed away his care, or the touch of her soft, strong hand, led him away from gulfs of temptation into which his soul was going down?

If he had failed in business, for instance, and money and credit had gone, do you think that lachrymose and lackadaisical young woman would have stood by his side, and looking up with her sweet, brave face to his, told him that love and honor were better than riches?

We want women with clear, steady brains, and brave souls, as well as tender hearts, for the wear and tear of life; not the sort compounded of weak sentiment and silliness, without settled convictions or moral energy, and which is sure to go down in hysterics and general failure when the time comes, as it comes to all of us, to test what stuff is in us.

We all know how man talks of his mother; how his Ideal of her is always tender and beautiful and reverent, no matter what the real mother may have been; how eloquently he discourses of that influence which is the great moulding power of the childhood of the race. He may not have very strong convictions about Woman's Suffrage; but he has no doubts regarding the influence of womanhood, of motherhood!

Sometimes, I confess, when I have listened to this talk, I have thought it was a little odd, when it is well known what an inherent tendency the masculine genius displays to rush off in a tangent from the orbit of his mother's rule as soon as he is out of long clothes.

But, whether wife, or mother, or lover, the woman, strong, and helpful, and tender, that dear old Teutonic Idea of the Middle Ages, is not the Mariana of Tennyson. And here there come to me some words of Ruskin's, sealed with some lines of Coventry Patmore's, and both so fitting and true, I cannot choose but quote them here:

It is the type of an eternal truth that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it, and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails.

How has she cheapened Paradise:
How given for nought her priceless gifts,
How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
Which spent with due respective thrift,
Had made brutes men and men divine?"

TOO GOOD A HOUSEKEEPER.

AFTER THE GERMAN OF F. GERSTAECKER.

If ever a couple seemed destined for one another, it was young Dr. Henry Wahlborn and his affianced bride, Sophie Metkorn, the eldest daughter of a well-to-do *burger* of X—. Certainly a finer-looking couple did not exist. The young man had been so fortunate as to have an admirable opportunity of forming an estimate of the young lady's character before paying his addresses to her. As family physician, he had attended her mother during a tedious illness; and having access to the house at all hours of the day for nearly a year, he could not fail to be impressed with Sophie's excellent management of household affairs, and her never-wearying tenderness and judicious care of the invalid.

Young Dr. Wahlborn was the very personification of order and neatness, and, in comparison with the many untidy dwellings which he found so terribly out of order in his early morning visits, the Metkorn household appeared a perfect model to him. Let him come when he would, he found the whole house neat and tidy, and Sophie herself looking as though she had just stepped out of a band-box; and once when he had occasion to glance into the kitchen, he was attracted by the glittering tinware, which shone as though of solid silver.

And Sophie was always dressed so simply—never out of style, and yet without any of those absurdities of ultra fashion! She always looked well, elegant even. To be sure, this was easy for her, for most things are becoming to a pretty face, and Sophie was indeed very pretty. In fact, it was marvellous that the doctor so long resisted her charms.

She was both economical and thrifty. He chanced once to overhear her driving a bargain with one of the vegetable-dealers, and was struck forcibly by her earnest, business-like manner. To be sure, it was but a matter of a few cents, yet, "who knows not the value of a trifle has no appreciation of more important things."

Dr. Wahlborn had a little property of his own besides the income from his rapidly-increasing practice, and he felt now able to take a wife, even if she could bring him no dowry. As soon, therefore, as his mind was fully made up, he set to work without delay, and one day, when the mother, who was now convalescent, had been sent off to the baths for a fortnight, he proposed to Sophie, and was made, by her blushing acceptance, "the happiest of mortals." Of course, the parents must be consulted, and this the young folks attended to when they had the matter all settled between themselves. A joyful consent was given, and very soon the nuptials were celebrated, if not with splendor, at least amid a circle of warm, true friends.

After that, the young couple made a wedding tour through Switzerland, returned home to receive the much-dreaded calls of congratulation, and finally settled down to enjoy their peaceful household happiness. They really possessed everything requisite to make an unpretending home happy—even little luxuries were not wanting. Sophie understood how to arrange everything to look so neat and home-like, and gave herself no rest the whole day long until she had transformed the tiny house into a perfect doll's palace. Wahlborn never wearied of watching her, and could not make up his mind

which to admire the most, her taste, her industry, or her perseverance.

During his absence upon their wedding tour there had been an accumulation of professional demands upon the young physician which must now be met, and being a regular correspondent of one of the most important medical journals, he was also obliged to set to work at once in preparing his next contribution. It seemed strange, yet he had to acknowledge to himself that as he sat writing, or as he came to and fro from visiting patients, he felt disturbed, almost annoyed, by the perpetual cleaning and setting to rights, and by the strange faces of those engaged upon the work. He would rather he and his little wife could have had the house to themselves just during these first days—that was all. But, then, all this was a pleasure to dear Sophie, and, of course, the work would be entirely completed soon—to which blissful juncture he looked forward longingly.

Sophie was certainly a model of a little wife, and managed her housekeeping as none other could have done. There was just one wish her husband had regarding her after they had been married awhile, and had a chance to become better acquainted with one another's ways; and that was, that she could devote a little more time to reading—he almost feared she was not fond of it. Her house was small, yet she found plenty to do in it, and the work never seemed to come to an end.

Sophie played the piano very prettily. She was no artist, but simple pieces she executed with much feeling. During their engagement she had often charmed the young physician in the twilight hours by playing for him some of his favorites, for he was passionately fond of music. Now, of course, there was no time for that, and the twilight hour no longer existed for Sophie. So soon as it was dark the lights must be lit to give her a chance of getting through with her ever-increasing labors. The doctor often teased her about her knitting, which, of an evening, when she had no sewing or embroidery convenient, was never out of her hands, and told her, but playfully, of course, that knitting was as disagreeable to him as smoking to her. She did not seem, however, any more inclined to eschew the former than he the latter, and as soon as he found the subject annoyed her he forbore to mention it.

One day Wahlborn came home a little out of his usual time, and found his study turned completely topsy-turvy. In the middle of the room was a woman upon her knees wiping up the floor with a wet mop. His writing table, upon which he had left, among other things, a heap of notices cut from the papers, was carefully set to rights, his papers all arranged in piles according to their size, and the "little snips" the girl said she had thrown into the fire. His bookshelves were empty, and his books were on the porch outside the window, all neatly dusted, but utterly in confusion, according to his ideas.

Now the doctor was far more neat and systematic, especially in his study, than most scientific men, and he could lay his hand in the dark upon every book, almost every scrap of writing there. It delighted him to have his little *sanctum* always neat and clean, but when he saw the confusion that now reigned he was almost enraged, and had to guard himself well not to show how angry he really was. And the worst of it was he could not see to putting things back to their places himself, for he was obliged to set off at once to visit a patient who was dangerously ill. Sophie, however, soon reas-

sured him by her loving promises to put everything back just as she had found it. She remembered exactly how the books had stood, she said, and if she should chance to get one here and there wrong, he could easily put it in its place. When, finally, Wahlborn returned and found that, after all, Sophie had arranged the books in accordance to their size and similar bindings, he had to laugh in spite of himself. Pamphlets seemed to have found no favor in her eyes; she had them all neatly tied up in packages, and thrust into a corner out of sight. It actually took Wahlborn the whole of the next forenoon to bring about anything like his old order, and he could not avoid a feeling of bitterness at finding some of his most valuable papers and notices irretrievably lost.

Sophie was now approaching a time when it was advisable to begin to spare herself somewhat. Yet her never-wearying industry vouchsafed her no rest, and, notwithstanding the warnings of her husband, she was more active than ever to make time for the dainty sewing on hand.

The young couple had commenced life in the most domestic way, for neither cared for pleasures that must be sought away from home. Wahlborn had no taste for saloon or club, he played neither billiards nor cards, and hated especially to discuss politics in the bar-room. From eight o'clock in the evening he usually devoted himself exclusively to his wife, and then he would have enjoyed reading with her, or having some music. But Sophie was never entirely through with her household cares, and if her husband read aloud to her she had to jump up and run out to give orders to her servant so often that her mind must inevitably wander from the subject. Each time she returned to her seat she had completely forgotten all that she had heard before, and had to ask so many questions it greatly marred the interest of the reading.

One morning when the doctor came in to breakfast, he said to his wife—"My love, I had the pleasure of meeting an old friend from Stralsund just now, whom I have not seen for years. I shall bring him up to lunch at noon; you need make no ceremony with him, and—"

"But, dear Henry," said the young wife, "to-day, of all days, it would be most inconvenient. I shall have cleaning going on to-day, and I beg you—"

"Cleaning?" said Wahlborn, rather taken by surprise; "if I am not mistaken, my child, you had cleaning done last week."

"Yes, but we are not through yet. Surely, Henry, you like to see your house clean and in order," said the young wife, slightly piqued.

Wahlborn did not trust himself to discuss the matter, lest he should excite her in her present delicate condition, and merely asked—"Then it would not suit you to-day, my dear?"

"Not at all—certainly not—now. I might have managed if I had known it a few days ago. Perhaps we can arrange it for Sunday."

"He leaves again to-morrow."

"That is unfortunate—well, perhaps he will come again soon to X—"

Thus the matter was settled, and Wahlborn dined that day at the hotel with his friend.

A short time after this the doctor's services were required to perform a difficult surgical operation in a neighboring town. He made arrangements to be absent from home four days, that he might himself watch the results of the operation. It so happened that the results were so favorable that, at the expiration of two

days, he felt there would not be the least danger in leaving the patient to the care of the other physician, and he joyfully hastened home.

But he reached there too soon for his wife. The whole house was turned upside down, his own study not excepted. The weather without was as disagreeable as one could well imagine, cold and stormy, a misty sleet pervading the atmosphere. A hateful draft swept through the whole dwelling, in which not one habitable room was to be found, and Wahlborn paused disheartened upon the threshold, surveying the universal desolation.

"Why, Henry," cried his wife, startled at the sudden apparition, "I thought you would not be home for two days, and had promised myself to have everything in fine order by your return."

"Yes, my dear-child," replied the husband, with a sigh, "and I had promised myself pleasure in getting back to the comforts of home—but, Sophie!" he exclaimed, suddenly interrupting himself, "you will take your death of cold here—it is very damp. If this business is absolutely necessary, you should at least not risk your own safety. Why don't you stay in your own room?"

"It is being prepared, dear," said the young wife. "The paper looked so badly, and as your birthday comes next week, and we want to invite our parents and a few friends, I could not bear to leave it looking so forlorn. What are you looking for, Henry?"

"Oh! nothing, my child," said her husband, "only a book I left here when I went away. I wanted to refer to it about a case I have on hand to-day. Have you seen it?" I left it just here. It was bound in green, and rather shabby-looking."

"Yes, Henry," said the wife, coloring up a little, "I saw it, and it was so very shabby—I sent it off to the binder's—"

"Heavens!" cried the young physician, "you sent that book to the binders? Why, it was full of most important notices!"

"But, Henry, it looked so shabby, it was fairly ready to tumble into pieces," was the half-frightened reply.

"Then I beg of you to send one of the servants to fetch it home at once, just as it is," said Wahlborn, exerting every faculty to retain his composure.

"What! take them from the work, Henry? Won't it be time enough this evening?"

Wahlborn still held his portmanteau in the left hand, and resolutely swallowing every expression of impatience lest he should excite his wife, and lest the strange working woman should notice something amiss, he simply inquired—"Is there any dry place in the house where I can put my portmanteau? I will go myself to the bookbinder's. Have you anything for dinner to-day?"

"To be sure, Henry, but only cold meat. I had not counted upon you to-day, you know."

Wahlborn gave a low whistle, and then smiled a little, the whole scene was so comical. He then cast a hasty glance around, which only served to further convince him that there was no place for him, and then turned down the steps to repair to a hotel. His mind, however, was so much occupied with various thoughts incident upon the adventure that he even forgot to give his wife a kiss, which caused her to shed just a few tears.

First of all he started in quest of his book, thus rescuing at least a portion of his notices; then he repaired to the club where usually he

spent but an hour at noon to look over the papers. There was no place for him at home, and impelled by the desire to at least find some occupation, he turned his attention to learning the game of billiards, and soon became deeply interested at discovering the facility with which he could acquire skill.

For the first time since his marriage, he remained from home until ten o'clock at night. When he did return, he found his wife awaiting his coming in tears. She was not feeling very well, she told him, and would gladly have gone to bed, but she was too anxious about him to do so. At once he tried to pacify her, but it was long before she was thoroughly calmed.

The next day the work in the house must be completed, but Sophie was too unwell to oversee it herself. She had probably taken some cold, and was obliged to keep her bed. To prevent the house from being left too entirely to the mercy of strangers, Wahlborn felt obliged to neglect some visits he should have made to be at home at least part of the day. Everything seemed to go wrong that day; even the cook was infected by the universal confusion—the soup was too salt, the meat too well done, the coffee not fit to drink.

So things went on, until finally Wahlborn began to accustom himself to his fate. One thing, at all events, he had learned, that he could not alter the case, and that nothing was left for him to do but to keep out of the way as much as possible. He fell gradually into the habit of frequenting the saloons, and came to spend at least an hour every evening in playing billiards.

Soon, however, there came a time when one day Sophie presented her husband with a most charming little boy. The heart of the new-made father was filled with pride and joy, and once more he resumed his habits of spending his leisure hours at home. Yet it could not continue long thus, for no sooner was the young mother about again, than her energetic spirit was at work with renewed force. Not only the babe, but the very addition of the nurse-girl, seemed to add to her cares and labor. In fact, this nurse-girl business was an everlasting source of trouble to her. Not only was it difficult to find one fully competent for the duties of the position, but when she did light upon such an one, she found her not so willing to be directed in every trifling particular as a less competent person. Therefore, during the first few months, she changed several times, sometimes falling thereby into difficulties with the other servants, always throwing the household into general confusion.

During the past year, Wahlborn had become more and more engrossed in literary pursuits—such, that is, as pertained to his profession—and had assumed the entire editorship of a medical journal. Therefore, it was no longer possible to permit his study to be overhauled every moment at will, lest the safety of his numerous MSS. and papers should be endangered. So he fell into the habit of locking the door whenever he went out, lest his sanctum should be invaded during his absence even by a servant with a harmless dust-brush. This hurt his wife deeply, and she took pains to let him feel it.

One day he sat at his writing-table, surrounded by books, to which he was referring for proofs regarding a certain experiment he had been engaged upon. He was disturbed right in the most engrossing part of his re-

searches by loud talking in the passage outside the kitchen door. He was not long in recognizing the voice of his wife engaged in a contest of words with one of the servants—he had so often begged her to avoid loud talking in that passageway when he was writing in the study. He was half tempted to go out and ask her to keep quiet; but then he hated to interfere in household matters. Work was out of the question, however, and after several vain efforts to proceed, he sprang up and began impatiently pacing the floor.

In the course of twenty minutes there came a lull, and, with a murmured "thank God!" he resumed the interrupted studies. Scarcely had he got well under way when the door burst open, and his wife, with flushed cheeks and eyes still flashing, made her appearance. Dropping down upon the first chair, she began—"It is perfectly incredible! Henry, only think, Katharine has broken the handle off the new butter-pot, and we have scarcely had it in use three days."

"My love," said the doctor calmly, "I am very much engaged just now —"

"And she had the impudence to tell me," continued the excited Sophie, "that I would break as many things as she if I had so much scouring and cleaning to do every day."

"Don't you think she may have been right?"

"But surely you must admit she was to blame? At all events it was enough for me, and I have given her warning."

"I am very sorry," said Wahlborn, with a sigh, "for Katharine is really an excellent cook, and makes particularly good coffee."

"Only think, Caroline tells me," continued Sophie, heedless of his remark, "that she often complains of the work, and thinks we have too much washing and cleaning done. As if it concerned her when we hire help."

"Dear love," said Wahlborn, who had been fairly sitting upon nettles all this while, "how often have I implored you to spare me such domestic gossip, especially when I am engaged writing! Even the ill luck of the butter-pot would have been time enough to impart to me this evening, if I must know it."

"You are never interested in anything I may say to you," said the young wife, no little piqued, "and I have no one else to go to but you"—(this last very piteously.)

"But, dear child, when I am at work! You see how busy I am, and the loud talking in the passage has caused me to lose a great deal of time already."

O Henry, how unkind you are! You know I cannot speak in a whisper when obliged to scold the servants."

Sighing, Wahlborn turned once more to his books, but he had utterly forgotten what he had been about to search for.

"Oh! by-the-way," commenced Sophie again, "I had almost forgotten—we must have a new lock put on the pantry-door—Katharine has mislaid the key, and it won't be safe to leave it unaltered."

"My dear," cried Wahlborn, growing positively impatient, "I am very busy just now, I cannot alter the lock; why don't you send for the locksmith?"

"I shall not trouble you any farther," cried the young wife, springing up hastily—"I see that I am in your way—it did not use to be so," and putting her handkerchief to her eyes she hurried from the room.

Wahlborn made a half movement to follow her—he could not bear to hurt his wife's feel-

ings—but his indignation soon got the better of him, and he resisted the impulse. He turned back to his work, and soon was so engrossed that the whole affair had passed from his mind. Similar annoyances were of too common recurrence to make any very lasting impression.

As years rolled by, matters in the Wahlborn family, so far from improving, grew daily worse. Sophie Wahlborn was considered by her acquaintances, a model housekeeper. She was certainly neat to a fault, a careful, devoted mother, in most respects a kind-hearted woman, yet she never comprehended the mistakes her ideas of order led her into. Her household was her world, yet she did not in the least realize how little she managed it to bring real comfort and pleasure to herself or her husband, and how little she was doing to be a companion to him, or to fit herself to be one to her children when they grew older.

Nothing could be more accurately timed than the work in the house, everything went like clockwork, and it never seemed to enter Sophie's mind as within the range of possibilities that even the hour of a meal could be altered upon occasion to suit either her own convenience or that of her husband. So when the latter was detained by any professional engagement, he fell into the habit of taking the meal thus interfered with away from home. As the family increased, naturally work, too, increased, but Sophie always had the privilege of hiring as much help as she wanted. Yet she never was at leisure to talk with her husband, unless it might chance to be about her petty domestic trials, especially her servants whom she was forever changing. She was always directing the sewing, cleaning, washing, or something, and when her husband was talking to her, she would interrupt him in the middle of a sentence to scold a servant, or give orders to one of the children.

By-and-by Wahlborn inherited quite a nice little fortune, which enabled him to give up his practice and devote himself almost exclusively to his medical journal and scientific researches. The entire morning he devoted now to writing and study, the afternoons he spent partly at the public library, partly amongst friends, his evenings he passed at the club where he now bore the reputation of being the best billiard and whist player. Naturally his interests were drawn more and more from his home, and every year he grew more and more indifferent to the wife whom he had loved with his whole heart.

All this by no means escaped Sophie's observation, and it caused her many moments of unhappiness. She never dreamed of the cause, however, for she considered herself to have been in every respect a most faithful wife. Her house was kept in perfect order, her children well managed, she had no pleasure or interests from home—what could have weaned her husband's affections from her?

She had a talk with her mother upon the subject one day. The old lady shook her head knowingly, and assured her daughter that this was one of the growing social evils of modern times. In her day, she said, men were content to pass their leisure hours in their homes, now they all went to the saloons, she fancied. It was one of those things that could not be altered, and Sophie had better make the best of it.

Yet, I think, notwithstanding the mother's opinion, any impartial reader of these pages will see wherein lay the fault. Of course, it is the duty of every wife to see to the "ways of her household," but it should be as a means of

comfort, not as the sole aim and object of life.

Many a man has been driven out of his domestic tastes by just such an experience as that of our friend Wahlborn.

THE BEAUTY OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

BY FANNY M. BARTON.

THERE is much said about the early loss of beauty of American women, and there is no end of regrets that the exquisite coloring and dainty shape of the girl is so soon lost in the gauntness and sallowness of the woman.

Many reasons are given for this premature physical deterioration, that hold good as far as they go; but a cause back of them all, and a very potent one, is rarely noticed.

The pretty, piquant, buoyant girl, whose every look is expressive and every motion graceful, is alive to her finger-tips. Her intellect is roused and excited by her studies; her soul is full of enthusiasm; her heart knows no want, with its home loves, and its vague, delightful dreams of the future; her physique is perfect, simply because she has plenty of hope, and plenty of fresh air, and employment for every faculty. How many women of thirty have these conditions?

The young lady takes up her diploma and puts down her books. The key is in her hand with which to unlock the secret of power, and she stupidly buries it. She depends on the evanescent beauty of color and form, evanescent when the soul does not constantly supply it with life, and presently becomes a nonentity. At the very time when the discipline of experience should have set heart and soul and brain in harmony, she is dissatisfied, and at odds with life. A bright, intelligent girl, a happy bride, a faded, disappointed woman, saying bitterly, in her soul, "Is this all?" This is the short history of thousands of women.

The conditions of beauty exist no longer. The quick blood and impetuous heart that spoke in cheek and eye are sluggish—naturally the cheek and eye are faded. There is no beauty without life—real life—intense, eager, active. The body being simply and only a medium for the soul, deteriorates with the soul.

We say that woman lives through her affections—that she loves intensely and constantly, as most men cannot love, and lacking her natural element, she droops. Husbands are advised to give their wives a kind word now and then, now and then a word of appreciation, if they would not see them drop into early graves.

A great deal of this talk is stuff. It is not likely that God would make men and women, and not perfectly adapt them to each other. Men have a heart and women an intellect, though each sometimes overlooks this important fact.

Husbands are blamed for neglecting their wives. Why shouldn't they neglect them when they no longer find what once attracted them. The woman they loved fascinated them with a thousand changing expressions; a thousand variations of thought and manner; the woman they ought to love is a dead level. You cannot force a man to stay at home content with a vacant form, because it happens to be labelled "wife."

"The remedy is in your own hands," said Mentor to a bright little woman, who was slowly and by imperceptible degrees changing into a machine. "I know your household cares are numerous and perplexing. I know the babies

are many, and the hours of leisure few. I know that the royal line of Bridget rules you with a rod of iron. Nevertheless, what must be, will be. And you must make a strong, bold, independent effort to assert, against all depressing circumstances, your individual, womanly identity. Give that which is best and noblest in you a little light and air, and nourishment, and your mirror will soon tell you—and more plainly still your husband's face—that the old beauty has come back. Promise me that you will give a half hour a day to your old readings."

The young wife promised, and afterward confessed the result.

Worn out with the trials of nursery and kitchen, she took up Miss Mitford's letters, only because she had promised, her distorted mind still lingering on her work-basket, with little Harry's embroidered frock; but in five minutes, time and place had changed, and she was interested, absorbed, happy. When the clock struck the half hour, she came from another world back to her own refreshed and invigorated. The effort she had made to take her mind out of the old routine, and give it something new and fresh, was of the greatest advantage to her. At the corresponding time the next day, she happened to be talking nothings with a friend. She bravely recalled her promise and went, a little vexed by being bound with promises, to her room, to be again absorbed and delighted. In spite of obstacles she read regularly every day, lengthening the time for study by economising time in other directions—one book giving place to another—till at the end of a few weeks, she was rewarded by hearing her husband say, "What in the world have you been doing with yourself lately? You've grown young by ten years, within as many weeks," punctuating the sentence freely with kisses.

It was all plain enough. She had been growing morbid and hopeless. If that was all there was to life she didn't care; she hadn't enough even to keep her dress fresh and pretty, unless there was some motive of vanity. The soul, now strengthened and encouraged, asserted itself. No longer ignored and shamed, it hoped and dreamed again; it had glimpses of ineffable things beyond.

ABOUT DICKENS.

MR. WILLIS in a letter, part of which we copy from the *Home Journal*, speaks of meeting with the publisher Macrone one morning in the Strand, London, who, he says, informed me that he was going to visit Newgate, and asked me to join him. I willingly agreed, never having seen this famous prison, and after I was seated in the cab he said that he was to pick up on the way a young paragraphist for the *Morning Chronicle*, who wished to write a description of it. In the most crowded part of Holborn, within a door or two of the Bull and Mouth Inn (the great starting and stopping place of the stage coaches), we pulled up at the entrance of a large building used for lawyers' chambers. Not to leave me sitting in the rain, Macrone asked me to dismount with him. I followed by a long flight of stairs to an upper story, and was ushered into an uncarpeted and bleak-looking room, with a deal table, two or three chairs, a few books, a small boy and Mr. Dickens for the contents. I was only struck at first with one thing (and I made a memorandum of it that evening, as the strongest instance I had seen of English obsequiousness to employers).

the degree to which the poor author was overpowered with the honor of his publisher's visit! I remember saying to myself, as I sat down on a rickety chair, "My good fellow, if you were in America with that fine face and your ready quill, you would have no need to be condescended to by a publisher." Dickens was dressed very much as he has since described Dick Swiveller—minus the swell look. His hair was cropped close to his head, his clothes scant, though jauntily cut, and after changing a ragged office coat for a shabby blue, he stood by the door, collarless and buttoned up, the very personification, I thought, of a close-sailor to the wind. We went down and crowded into the cab (one passenger more than the law allowed, and Dickens partly in my lap and partly in Macrone's), we drove on to Newgate. In his works, if you remember, there is a description of the prison, drawn from this day's observation. We were there an hour or two, and were shown some of the celebrated murderers, confined for life, and one young soldier waiting for execution; and in one of the passages we chanced to meet Mrs. Fry on her usual errand of benevolence. Though interested in Dickens's face, I forgot him, naturally enough, after we entered the prison, and I do not think I heard him speak during the two hours. I parted from him at the door of the prison, and continued my stroll into the city. Not long after this, Macrone sent me the sheets of "Sketches by Boz," with a note saying that they were by the gentleman who went with us to Newgate. I read the book with amazement at the genius displayed in it, and in my note of reply assured Macrone that I thought his fortune was made as a publisher, if he could monopolize the author.

Two or three years afterward I was in London, and was present at the complimentary dinner given to Macready. Samuel Lover, who sat next me, pointed out Dickens. I looked up and down the table, but was wholly unable to single him out without getting my friend to number the people who sat above him. He was no more like the same man I had seen than a tree in June is like the same tree in February. He sat leaning his head on his hand while Bulwer was speaking, and with his very long hair, his very flashy waistcoat, his chains and rings, and withal a paler face than of old, he was totally unrecognizable. The comparison was very interesting to me, and I looked at him a long time. He was then in the culmination of popularity, and seemed jaded to stupefaction.

Now, since everything connected with the dead author is interesting to the world, we are tempted to quote, without permission, from a private letter, written by Rev. Dr. Tefft, of Bangor, now in London. After speaking of a visit to Westminster Abbey, he says:

"I was there the other day, when they buried Dickens, or rather, soon afterwards, for the Abbey was at the moment closed to all but the family of the author. When the simple funeral was over I went in and looked sadly upon the spot where he was laid away among the immortals who there take their rest. His nearest neighbors in that city of the dead are, David Garrick and Dr. Samuel Johnson. The statue of Shakspeare looks directly down upon him. Southey, Campbell, Rowe and Gay are in his immediate presence. Handel, life-size, is standing over him, and lifts his hands and eyes 'to heaven, as if leading the great congregation of the glorious departed in a solemn re-

quiem for him who has just fallen asleep. Dryden, Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton are in a vaulted niche near by; and scores of kings, queens, statesmen, philosophers, generals, orators and writers, stand, and almost breathe in marble in every part of the sacred edifice.

"A sort of wall of benches has been laid round the spot and on one of these I sat for an hour, thinking of the great man's career in life, and of the immortal companions, with whom he had now come to take his rest."

Foreign Correspondence.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

BY EMILY FAITHFULL.

VICTORIA PRESS, London June, 1870.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

ONE of the best sights we have had in London this spring, has been the pretty performance at the Hanover Square Rooms of Madam Brenner's pupils. For some months this lady has been teaching gymnastics to girls, and about a fortnight since, dressed in tunics and trowsers of flannel, they exhibited to their friends and relations their increased suppleness of limb and grace of action. The programme included all the exercises taught, from simple marching, to rope ladders and skating (on wheels.) This is indeed an effort in the right direction, for the body requires as much cultivation as the mind, and it is impossible to over-rate the importance of bringing all the muscles into fair play. Feats of strength are to be avoided, but dancing, rowing, swimming and riding are requisite for girls as well as men. If people would only read Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell's *Laws of Health*, or some of Dr. Lankester's manuals, we might perhaps see a little more intelligence displayed by parents on this all-important point.

One of our leading papers, the *Spectator*, although opposed to Woman's Franchise, contains a capital article I mean to republish in the *Victoria Magazine*, suggesting that the Princess Louise (who is said to be like her sister, the Princess Victoria of Prussia—the "acknowledged soul of a great European party"), "should assume a leadership in all woman's work of the good sort," in charity, in art, in that curious sway of the sex towards a new social order, which is known as the Woman's Rights movement, in fact, as a kind of Visitor-General for all female hospitals, female schools, female colleges, and Chairman-General of all sensible women's movements. "We want," says the *Spectator*, "a Princess for those great positions, an informal Ministry of women; and if the Princess Louise can fill it, we don't see why etiquettes, whether social or constitutional, should stand in the way.

Mr. Haskin's paper at the Victoria Society has excited a good deal of newspaper discussion, the meeting was very badly reported, as people will see by the July *Victoria*; at the same time Mr. Haskin's novel proposal of 150 ladies sitting in the House of Lords was calculated to excite amusement, and a very young lady was injudicious enough towards the close of the evening, to make a foolish speech, which has been made the worst of by our enemies. But people should remember that speakers of both sexes sometimes make observations they afterwards regret, and although this society is, I confess, a great anxiety to me, I mean to up-

hold it, for I think it will, on the whole, do a great deal of good. On the 2d of July, our opponents take possession of the field, and Mr. McGregor Allan will read a paper against the Franchise, and we shall have to make good the defence.

A friend has just been in to tell me that Miss Garrett has been summoned to Paris to take her degree. She will be entitled to wear a scarlet cloak and hat like the examiners, and I believe several ladies are going to see the ceremony.

The only Female Medical College we have in London held its annual meeting the other day, in Exeter Hall, under the presidency of Lord Shaftesbury. There is some difference of opinion here respecting the merits of this school, and Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell and Miss Garrett refuse to have anything to do with, and disbelieve in a class of ladies acting as midwives; of course, I should not presume to place my opinion against theirs on a purely professional point, and naturally as one who will be doctored instead of doctoring others, I am anxious to keep the recognized standard up to the highest possible point, at the same time I cannot understand an objection to skilled instead of unskilled midwives. The mistake is in mixing up the two demands, we ought in this instance and in every other, to call a spade, a spade, and while I cannot but wish to see our present Mrs. Gamps' replaced by thoroughly trained, educated women, I quite allow that they ought to be content with a distinctive name, and to forego all claim to the rank of medical practitioners. Anyhow, I confess to a sympathy with the Female Medical College, only I wish those in authority would go further than they do. Two of Miss Pechey's fellow-students at Edinburgh, Mrs. Thorne and Miss Chaplin, owe their early training to it, and I never like to despise the "day of small things," but I think those interested in movements of this kind are bound to help in making things better, when they consider there is need of improvement. Anyway, a "house divided against itself" is always bad, and women have to learn the value of co-operation; at present there is far too much fear of incurring risks and blame for others. It is not pleasant, I have smarted under it myself since last Monday's discussion, but it must be endured for all causes meant ultimately to triumph. This is one point I have always admired so in Miss Anthony—her splendid courage—she is a life's lesson in that one particular! But to return to the Female Medical College. It is supposed that some impending legislation will remove many difficulties now in the way of female students. In the meantime the committee submit:

1. That all medical degrees and licenses to practice medicine should be open to candidates without distinction of sex.
2. That a distinctive qualification should be established for persons intending to practice midwifery in small districts and country towns.
3. That there is no necessity to enforce any special curriculum of study upon candidates for a license to practice any branch of medicine, inasmuch as the examinations might easily be so arranged as amply to test the practical skill, as well as the medical and scientific knowledge, of every candidate.
4. That freedom to acquire medical and scientific knowledge in the way most convenient to candidates for a license would greatly facilitate access to the profession, and thus largely benefit the public, and while destroying the present monopoly favor of privileged schools would remove a barrier to the improvement and cheapening of medical education.

If these principles be adopted in the forthcoming Act, there will remain, the Committee urge, no difficulties in the way of women who wish to devote themselves to

the practice of medicine in any one or all of its departments.

Lord Shaftesbury, in putting the report, made an animated and interesting speech in favor of the objects of the Society, which he characterized as eminently practical and useful, and said that those who went into metaphysical speculations about the character of women had better be left there, as such speculations had really nothing to do with the practical question at issue; and this Society was doing a great work in its college, where educated women could get such a medical knowledge as would eminently fit them to gain a useful livelihood in any part of the world as skilled midwives. His lordship also referred to the Bill before Parliament containing the word "person" throughout, and imposing no disability on woman candidates.

The Russian government has decided to admit women into the Medical University at St. Petersburg, and a diploma as midwife is to confer the right to practice on all who go through the prescribed examinations. A very interesting lecture was delivered on the 25th of May, by Miss Mathilde Blind, on the Valsunga Saga, the Scandinavian counterpart of the Lay of the Nibelungen. The lecturer followed the version lately given to the English public, by Mr. William Morris, the author of those noble poems, "Jason" and "The Earthly Paradise." She had a small but cultivated audience, and certainly gave an intelligent exposition of the characteristics of the great epic, which has been called the Iliad of Northern Europe.

We are just expecting Miss Rye's return to England; she has certainly done good work in her day and generation. According to some statistics recently published we find that 2,000 orphans are brought up in Liverpool by the parish authorities. They cost for their mere maintenance and education £13 a year each; and, including the interest on the cost of land and buildings, £18 a year, which makes a total of £36,000 a year out of the rates. Miss Rye, in taking away 50 girls at the average age of eight years, has saved the rate-payers £5,200, and at the same time provided for the children very much better than would otherwise have been possible. If educated women have any difficulty in finding a means of livelihood in our Colonies, according to a letter just received from an Australian correspondent, domestic servants are eagerly enough caught up. The Lady Jocelyn took out thirty-five in this capacity, and 150 candidates for their services appeared at the hiring depot, and it was a case not of employers choosing servants, but of servants selecting their employers.

I must give you two recent observations of two leaders of thought respecting women's rights and duties. Mr. Mill, writing to thank Mlle. Daubie for a copy of her book, entitled, *La Condition morale de la femme pauvre au 19eme Siecle*, says:

"I wish that this book could be read from beginning to end by all men and all women of the so-called enlightened classes. I believe it would cause many of them to be ashamed of their culpable inaction in the presence of such frightful evils and such monstrous injustice. Unfortunately, France is far from possessing that bad pre-eminence which you attribute to it. Social reformers are always prone to believe that other countries are in advance of their own. Unhappily the difference is too frequently more apparent than real. You bestow in many passages praises upon England to which it has no right upon the subject in question, while again those in England who uphold the cause of women frequently insist that their condition is much better in France. Unhappily, both are mistaken. As to the beginning which has been made here with a view

to the regulation of prostitution, and which it is being attempted to extend, your book is sufficient to condemn it without appeal. The attempt has excited here a very serious opposition. An association of women, some of whom are highly distinguished, has been formed to excite public opinion against this deplorable system. They are well seconded by men, and there is reason to hope that not only will the system be not pushed further, but that what has been done will necessarily be undone."

Mr. Ruskin, at the close of a recent lecture on war, addressed to the Royal Military College, Woolwich, made the following remarks to the ladies present:

"You may wonder, perhaps, that I have spoken this night in praise of war. Yet truly, if it might be, I, for one, would fain join the cadence of hammer-strokes that should beat swords into ploughshares; and that this cannot be, is not the fault of us men. It is your fault. Wholly yours. Only by your command, or by your permission, can any contest take place among us. And the real, final reason for all the poverty, misery, and rage of battle throughout Europe is simply that you women, however good and religious, however self-sacrificing for those whom you love, are too selfish and too thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of your immediate circles. You fancy that you are sorry for the pain of others. Now, I just tell you this; that if the usual course of war, instead of unroofing peasants' houses and ravaging peasants' fields, merely broke china upon your own drawing-room tables, no war in civilized countries would last a week. I tell you more, that, at whatever moment you choose to put a period to war, you could do it with less trouble than you take at any day to go out to dinner. You know, or at least you might know, if you would think, that every battle you hear of has made many orphans and widows. We have none of us heart enough truly to mourn with these; but, at least, we might put on the outer symbols of mourning with them. Let but every Christian lady who has conscience towards God vow that she will mourn, at least outwardly, for His killed creatures. Your prayer is useless, and your church-going mere mockery of God, if you have not plain obedience in you to your conscience. Let every lady in the happy classes of civilized Europe simply vow that, while any cruel war proceeds, she will wear black—a mute's black—with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for an invasion into prettiness: I tell you again, no war would last a week."

Very shortly the Married Women's Property Bill will be introduced into the House of Lords by Lord Cairns, and we are waiting the result with the deepest anxiety, for we are far behind you in this as in many other matters, and, notwithstanding the urgent necessity of a measure to secure simple justice to thousands of suffering women, the Committee are hampered for want of the sinews of war, though few political agitations could have carried on with so little expense as this has been conducted by Miss Wolstenholme, Miss Becker, and their colleagues.

A Woman Suffrage Society has been formed at Prague, and a political journal devoted to the cause is about to be started. If they keep on agitating, the women of the Old World will win the immortality of having been the first to give a strong impulse to this truly republican movement.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, Editor.
EDWIN A. STUDWELL, Publisher.

NEW YORK, JULY 7, 1870.

WOMAN'S TALKATIVE TONGUE.

If there is one statement with regard to woman which has been more generally accepted than any other, it is this, that Nature has bestowed upon her the gift of tongues far more liberally than upon man. Fluency of speech, vivacity of expression, and a graceful and original way of putting things have always been reckoned as among the chief claims of our sex. Conversation is one of the fine arts in which women are acknowledged to be experts. The length and volubility of a woman's tongue have passed into a proverb, but the constant use of that member has been admitted to be one of woman's prerogatives and has been acquiesced in not only as a necessity of her organization, but as in the best interests of society; for if practice makes perfect, the more women talk the better for their listeners.

Human beings are gregarious, and no one will deny that the expression of thought and the interchange of sympathy are among her most delightful experiences.

Human life is at once monotonous and varied, our circumstances, our interests, our emotions, are identical and dissimilar. We are born, we live, we love, we toil, we suffer, we enjoy, we die. But as from the few primal colors, the artist with magical skill knows how to charm our eye with infinite gradation of hue, and as from the combination of the seven notes of the scale the musician evolves such glorious harmony, so from the simple facts of life does each human soul mark out for itself new possibilities of emotion, and no pleasure is more subtle or exquisite than that of comparing, through speech, our experiences with that of our fellows—no sensation comparable to that of discovering, under all our varied moods, the keynote of sympathy which is in unison with all our kind.

Language, then, is higher than all other forms of expression, and if woman be mistress of that subtle art of speech which reveals the secret souls of men to each other, she may well be proud of the power she possesses.

But is this true? With keener intuition and readier speech than man, has she learned how to use her gifts for the best service of the race? is she not too often half-unconscious of the existence, and wholly untrained in the use of these her noblest faculties? The cunning hand of the master must have had long training before it can interpret the music that lies hidden in the keys of the instrument; the sculptor must give years of toil to his work before the clay grows into beauty under his fingers; the painter, the singer, all artists, in short, know that a life's devotion to study must be the price of success. For God gives these highest gifts to His creatures only in the germ; upon the recipient He puts the responsibility and the duty of development. In the highest of all arts, then, that of conversation, it is idle to expect any degree of perfection without thought and training. We call it the highest of all arts, and is it not true? for if the revelation of beauty

to the soul is a noble thing, is not the revelation of souls to each other a far nobler one? And this lofty work God has put into the hands of woman. As in the beginning He saw that it was not good for man to be alone and gave woman to him as a companion, so to-day her mission is still the same. Through the power of her attraction not only the family but all society is bound together. She is the transparent medium through which men are revealed to each other. The purer she is the more clearly can the loftier parts of their natures be seen.

It is owing to this subtle truth that the condition of woman is so sure an indication of the moral state of any community. But although this statement has been so often repeated that it has become trite, yet we do not realize the force of it. Men and women are equally indifferent to their best interests.

And as it is not more surely a law of nature that every power increases by exercise, than that any faculty is destroyed by neglect, so women by disuse, lose even the consciousness of what speech was meant to be.

Instead of using it for the noble purposes for which God designed it, they pervert it to the deterioration of themselves and their associates. They chatter incessantly about all sorts of trivialities, throwing in perhaps a little gossip by way of spice.

Even if there is nothing malicious in their talk, it too often revolves around the three subjects which Thackeray declared were the only ones women could discuss, "their servants, their children and their diseases."

Nor is this an unimportant matter. Talk makes up so large a part of every-day existence; its influence is so noble and so far-reaching; it is such a revelation of one's own character; it enters so deeply into the formation of the character of others; its tone depends so much upon women that it deserves the careful consideration of every thoughtful person, so that speech shall not be as now too often merely the medium of rapid utterances but shall become what God intended it to be—the true intercommunication of true souls.

OUR WOMAN-ARTISTS.

The woman-artists of our new world paint more ideal visions with their hours and years than ever with their poor little brushes. As a class, they are copyists and not creators. The great purple mountain, sleeping serenely under its white cap of clouds, the rosy burst of sunshine upon some lonely lake come to us from their patient fingers charming in simple truth; some quaint and ludicrous trait of childhood, some hint of pathos or humor, they are quick to seize and make us comprehend. It is always a clear and tangible Fact of Nature that they bring to us; rarely a graceful suggestion of the ideality which men so love to say is the very expression of woman's existence. Whatever dreams of saints and heroes, whatever graces of romantic fervor they may fill their hearts withal they keep to lighten their own prosaic paths and not ours. And dreamily remote enough are the lives of many feminine artists in New York. Yet with the fresh, unworldly charm of the artist-life of Paris and Munich our American woman blends a certain shrewd practicality in detail that is not the least pleasant thing in her *menage*. She always knows the best and cheapest place to buy beef-steak and cream-cakes, and as for the dainty differences of tea, no grocer,

be he ever so sly and ferocious, can for an instant puzzle her.

In airy nooks along Broadway cluster our artistic sisters—sometimes in twos and threes, but generally in solitary state. They are genial creatures, but they respect the privacies of life—morbidity some of them—and prefer the delicious freedom of loneliness. Up above the dirty, thundering street, above shops filled with beauteous fabrics for which she has little thought and less desire, our maiden perches in maiden meditation. For truth to say, there are but few married women in the profession, husbands have claims, it would seem, superior to those of palette and canvas, and baby fingers are always pushing away one's brushes and crayons. The little studio is found in the very top of some lofty bee-hive of a building. Upon the broad sky-light patter and sweep the rains and the snows, and in sultry, murky Spring days the smoke from neighboring chimneys hangs darkly above it. But, however dreary without, it is always sunny within. The four narrow walls have been papered and draped by the artist purely and the sketches and studies that are hung and pinned about have bright arrests of color and suggest happy and loveable phases of life. It is seldom that one meets a morbid or unhealthy idea among these scraps. Little home-made brackets of cloth or rustie boughs support a choice cast or two, perhaps an antique vase, all darlings of the artist's heart, bought after many strivings between her desires and her battered purse. An ample sofa with a drawer beneath it, serves as the seat of dignity by day and the artist's bed by night, and wears a comforting and motherly air, with its bouncing pillows and warm cover. A small table, hidden under a warmly-tinted cloth, holds books and magazines, for our maiden indulges in studies other than those of color and form. One end of the room is always invisible behind a screen, but after you have won her kindly liking it may be peeped at with impunity. The cunningest of little cooking-stoves nestle there and the few neat pots and pans that hang above it are redolent of savory and dainty dishes concocted by a lady's hand. A prim little cupboard has ever bread and cheese and something more upon its shelves, and its store of china is delicately quaint. Two spoons are all the silver our maiden possesses, but of these she is as proud as she might be of flagons and goblets of wondrous workmanship. A pleasant picture she makes at her lunch hour, when, with an infinitesimal square of damask, her pretty china, her two spoons, her tiny chop, and shining fruit, she spreads her table and sits solitary but jolly, to eat of the goods her own hands have provided. And quite as pleasant a picture is she when, with lunch whisked off, and grey linen apron whisked on, she pounces upon her precious easel and recalls the loveliness of her Summer ramble. Our artists are nearly all of one type—little women, with soft, brown hair, and grey eyes, often abstracted in their brightness. Most of them have drifted into the thirties and forties, but their lives keep for them all the freshness of their first youth. They dwell in little worlds apart so many days of the year that nature finds it easy to assert her gracious claims. Scattered among these elder workers are a few young girls, bright, thoughtful, devoted to their easels. A pretty memory is that of a Broadway studio, a tiny nest hanging in the upper air, uncarpeted, unbeautiful, save for the vines and brilliant autumn leaves that trailed and clung everywhere, the striking

studies on the two easels, the small, dead pigeons, with their wings outstretched so pitiously, and the girl of twenty, whose frank and innocent face and sweet brown eyes dignified the whole. A shy New England girl, with few friends and fewer acquaintances, she gives her days to her brushes and her books and is in truth a dreamer, but no sentimentalist. Quite as shy in soul and earnest in work is that rough, desperate creature, Lily Spencer, who struggles bravely with the hard, bare present, and tenderly loves the unnumbered bairns who are to make her future easy and beautiful, one must hope.

At intervals the artist proves herself a dame of happily social tastes. Of Winter nights when the sleet tinkles on the sky light and the darkly-colored studio glows with warmth and light, merry companies assemble to make execrable but hilarious puns, to chant Scotch ballads with more delight than tune, and to eat nuts and apples with the blithe gusto of ten-year olds. Among the group of feminine comrades an occasional bearded brother is found who cracks the nuts and tells scraps of his life in Rome with frank and genial pity on the women who listen and long for like glorious experiences. Masculine artists have a deal of chivalric sympathy for their working sisters and are always helpful when their own absorbing labor permits.

Among themselves the women are little troubled by petty jealousies and dislikes. They have much *esprit du corps*, and between many of them is very sweet and earnest comradeship. They are ever ready with simple and kindly courtesies, and sympathy is rarely refused to less successful workers. The Art Association which they have formed is an admirable instrument of self and social help.

It is hard to be forced to confess that our women artists are but poorly paid for their work. We have not yet learned that a woman's picture, if well painted, has no less claim to generous acknowledgment than has that of her friend in coat and smoking-cap. But with her increasing earnestness and assured power, she may feel that this wrong is not one which can never be righted.

With the first Summer sunshine our maiden flits off to inland mountains, or to some distant marshy shore where she studies desperately, and drinks in beauty and rest with all her eyes and heart and soul. The half-dozen lady-artists who have husbands and babies to delight them withal toss their worries to the sweet south wind and find strength and dear content in the lazy hours that succeed the Winter's struggles with paints and little pantaloon, with classic heads on canvas and little heads not quite so classic on dainty pillows, with remembered landscape and fair, human pictures of baby mischief and jollity.

AN EXTRA REVOLUTION.—In view of the fact that so many of our subscribers have written to us saying substantially, "If you will send me a few extra copies of THE REVOLUTION, I can make a good use of them by distributing specimens among my friends," we have determined to send, this week, an extra copy to each subscriber who is not in arrears, with a request that the paper may be promptly handed to some one who, on reading it, will be likely to subscribe. We are taking every legitimate method of increasing our circulation, and we respectfully solicit the cordial assistance of all our friends in extending the influence of our jour-

nal. In saying this, we are not speaking for ourselves, but for the cause.

FEMALE HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIANS.

THE irrepressible woman question has thrust itself forward again for solution. This time the hapless Homœopathic physicians of Kings County have been called upon to confront and reply to it, greatly to their dissatisfaction.

The Brooklyn Union gives an account of the proceedings, which is substantially as follows:

The first application for membership to the Kings County Homœopathic Medical Society was that of Mrs. F. R. Coddington, of No. 391 Pacific street, some three months since. Though the lady is a regular graduate of a medical college, much opposition was made to her admission.

Dr. Elliot, who was President at the time, but whose term of office was soon to expire, was desirous not to have the question brought up during his administration; and the two attempts which were made to have the application acted upon proved entirely unsuccessful. One month ago, the name of Mrs. Alice B. Campbell, another regular graduate, was presented at the annual meeting for the election of officers. After the usual business was transacted and some of the members had gone, a vote being taken, Mrs. Campbell, and Dr. G. H. R. Bennet, a convert from the allopathic school, were elected, and the female M.D. paid her dues and initiation fee after the manner of men.

The facts, however, becoming known to some members who were opposed to the admission of females, they resolved to have the subject reconsidered at the next regular meeting. On Tuesday evening, when the Society met, with its new President, Dr. W. L. R. Perrine, in the chair, Dr. Bryant objected to the admission of Mrs. Campbell to membership on the ground of its unconstitutionality, and the matter was warmly discussed. Drs. Bryant, J. L. Keep, L. Keep, Minturn, Skiles, Bennet, Sumner, Aten, and others, argued that the constitution of the society, though it declares that any regular graduate of a medical college, who is a believer in homœopathic principles, shall be eligible to membership, since it speaks always in the masculine gender, certainly does not contemplate the admission of females, and that to admit a female would not only be contrary to the constitution, but would endanger the very existence of the society (!)

On the other side, Drs. W. Wright, A. Wright, Morrell, Wells, Moffat, Underwood, Bowen, Perrineard, Hasbrouk, argued that the laws of the state made no distinction between male and female physicians, and that the constitution of the society, if it conflicted with the laws of the state, was of no binding effect. These women, being regular graduates of colleges incorporated by the state, were required by law to become members of some medical society, and their convictions and preferences being for the homœopathic, they had applied to them, and the society had no right to exclude them; in fact, to do so would be contrary to the laws of the State.

Neither side was willing to yield the point, but after much discussion, and several unsuccessful motions to adjourn, a resolution was passed, by a majority of three, declaring that the action of the previous meeting, admitting Mrs. Campbell, was "null and void," and directing that the fees and dues paid by her be refunded.

During the progress of the discussion Mrs. Campbell, and Mrs. Brown, another applicant for membership, were present, manifesting much interest, and at its close several Doctors apologized for their opposition, and explained that it was solely on the ground of its unconstitutionality that they objected to their admission and not on account of their sex.

It is said that an appeal will be made to the Homœopathic Society of the state, and, if necessary, to the courts.

A WORD OF THANKS TO OUR FRIENDS.—If it were possible to answer in detail the many cheering and friendly letters which we receive from friends of the cause and of this journal, residing in all parts of the country, we would do so gladly, and feel ourselves honored by the opportunity of thus personally conferring with many of the noblest minds and hearts in America. But our numerous correspondents must accept, in general terms, our acknowledgment of their flattering compliments, and their warmly expressed interest in THE REVOLUTION.

MR. TILTON, President of the Union Woman's Suffrage Society, received last week a cordial letter from the Executive Committee of the Universal Franchise Association of Washington, D. C., enclosing a check for twenty-five dollars, in aid of the Society's great and noble work.

TO ALL SENSIBLE BUSINESS MEN.—One of the secrets of success in business is, to make your business known. To make it known, you must advertise. To advertise to advantage, you must not forget these pretty, winsome columns of THE REVOLUTION which you are now reading and (we hope) admiring. One of our exchanges says that "Trying to do business without advertising is like winking through a pair of green goggles—you may know that you are doing it, but nobody else does." Cease to do business in this short-sighted way. Advertise liberally. And if you advertise in THE REVOLUTION, you will not only profit yourself but help that good cause for which, and for which alone, THE REVOLUTION "lives, and moves, and has its being."

EXTRACT from a letter from Miss Belle Bush, Principal of Belvidere Seminary, N. J.

"Mrs. Stanton was present at the Anniversary exercises of the Belvidere Seminary, which occurred the 22d and 23d ult. She gave the closing address, speaking for nearly two hours to an appreciative audience. Her theme, The Education of Boys and Girls, was ably treated, and many of her remarks elicited enthusiastic applause. Mrs. Stanton has won many warm friends in Belvidere, who will ever remember with pleasure her coming and bless her for her words of wisdom and encouragement."

THE MARRIED WOMAN'S SEPARATE PROPERTY BILL DEFEATED IN CONNECTICUT.—In the Connecticut Legislature yesterday the bill giving married women the control of their own property was defeated by 74 to 72. An amendment was offered providing that the bill should not affect the property of those already married, for which the majority of the Republicans voted, and thus killed the bill. The majority of the Democrats voted against it. Messrs. Brewster, Latham, and Wilcox, Republicans, delivered the only speeches in opposition.

The theory that women are fully and fairly represented by men, finds a fit commentary in

this action of the Connecticut legislature; whatever may be the views of women on the matter of Suffrage, there are few of them, we imagine, who would not wish to have some voice in the management, and some action in the disposal of the property which they have inherited, or which they may own in their own right.

Judging from this last effort of the law-makers of Connecticut, we must conclude that the spirit of the fathers yet animates the sons of this state, and that the heaven of the Blue Laws is still an active principle in her legislation.

Letters from Friends.

EXTRACT FROM A NOTE FROM MISS LYDIA BECKER.

MANCHESTER, June 15, 1870.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

I WONDER which of our countries will first win political Suffrage for women. Here we have a limited one. I have just received from a friend a "state of the poll" in a neighboring town, for the election of "Improvement Commissioners,"—that is, officers who are to have the local government of the town. But they have made it a distinctly political contest, and the rivals fight under Liberal and Tory colors. Now in this election women vote—not by recent legislation but by rights coequal with those of men. The Suffrage was never given to women, they have always had it.

The municipal elections, too, are always political, women vote freely in them under the act of last year, so that women in England take an active part now in political voting, though they are excluded from the Parliamentary vote.

Again giving you my best wishes, I am very sincerely,
LYDIA E. BECKER.

DES MOINES, IOWA, June 23, 1870.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

AMID the excitement of a western tour, I have been unable to fulfil a promise, made two weeks since, to the members of the Reading Association of Crawfordsville, Indiana; i. e., that on their behalf I would extend to Susan B. Anthony, through the columns of THE REVOLUTION, their earnest "thank you" for her recent labor of love among us. For two years we had been endeavoring to construct a firm foundation, but the work was slow and laborious until Miss Anthony put her shoulder to the wheel and gave a lecture for our benefit. We were selfishly glad for our Association, glad for Miss Anthony and glad for the cause when we took an inventory of the quantity and the quality of the audience which greeted, with intense appreciation, this pioneer worker in the cause of Woman's Suffrage; and when one of our good citizens exclaimed, "Why, she would honor any Parliament in the world!" my heart beat responsive to another "thank God for Susan B. Anthony!"

Gratefully do we, who are just entering the lists, twine the laurel for all our battle-scarred leaders, and earnestly do we of the West hope and work for union.

LIZZIE M. BOYNTON.

GRIFFIN, Ga., June 21, 1870.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

THE cause of Woman's Rights in our state has undergone a wonderful reform within the last few years. In the early history of Georgia Jurisprudence, the civil rights of woman merged entirely in the husband, and if she was

unfortunate in marriage he could squander the last dime of her patrimony and leave her friendless and in poverty to pave her way through life as best she could, or, if he was so disposed, he could only convey property to her through a trustee, by a strict compliance with the laws of conveyance; but subsequently he could convey to her in her own name but not so as to defeat his former creditor. But under our new constitution, which is an improvement on the old, she holds all of her inherited property and her acquirements in her own right, which can never be alienated by the husband without the consent of the wife. This much she has already gained. As to the question of Suffrage, it has never been discussed before our people, and consequently I cannot say whether it would be endorsed or opposed.

Household.

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

THAT exploded bit of orthodoxy in relation to literary women—that they never make good housekeepers—has never been more beautifully refuted than in the case of Sarah Helen Whitman, the Providence poetess.

Having been one of the favored number of guests at her house, we are prepared to "declare that we have seen and testify to that we do know."

A low-browed, old-fashioned building—than which the Haworth Parsonage, sacred to the cleanly and orderly memory of Charlotte Brontë, could not have been more fastidiously neat—rises before us in pleasant memory. And certainly its outward promise was more than fulfilled by its inward performance. Have you ever seen a bird's nest? It is here, and not a straw nor a bit of down is amiss. A cosier, more tasteful spot than this low, old-fashioned parlor of hers, could not be imagined. There is no tinsel here—nothing at all for mere show. Comfortable old furniture—suggestive of easy attitudes and general *laissez faire*, and for the rest, a carpet that you would never think of remembering the pattern of, for pleasure in the recollection of the many genuine works of art and articles of *vertu* that seem less to adorn than to inhabit the room—making it a familiar dwelling-place for the muses.

And the muses are such beautiful housekeepers! not a suspicion of dust mars their perfection anywhere.

And the inner soul of all this orderly beauty is the poetess herself—brilliant enough as a conversationalist to have graced any Paris *salon*—independent enough to consult taste and comfort rather than fashion in her dress—fresh and sweet enough as a woman to attract at middle-age far more homage than usually falls to the lot of youth and beauty.

What she is as a poetess it needs not that we testify. The verdict of the public has placed her where our poor pen could do little to make or mar her fame! But this much we can testify, to the everlasting confusion of those persons who dare to say that literary women are never neat and capable housewives.

A WOMAN'S IDEA OF WHAT A KITCHEN SHOULD BE.

To begin with, I would have a kitchen well lighted; some, yes a great deal of the broad, expansive sunlight coming in boldly, as if it

had a perfect right to be there. That would, of course, necessitate large windows. And then I would give as much attention to the ventilation of a kitchen as I would to a sleeping room. I would have a large circular device suspended over the cooking stove, with a hole in the centre, and a tube leading to the top of the house, to carry off the savory smells which the process of cooking generates, and prevent them from permeating the whole house.

For these smells, however savory and agreeable, are apt to take away something from the keenness of our appetite; or, at least, cause us to anticipate something better than the reality. Then I would have a large sink, with a permanent soap-stone or marble wash bowl, for washing the dishes, and another for draining. I would also have an adjustable pipe leading from the hot water tank to either of these basins. Besides this, I would have sundry cupboards and closets arranged on the wall, so as to be tasteful and decorative as well as convenient.

Then I would have a space devoted to tiny drawers, such as one sees in a drug store, and labeled in this manner: Soda, allspice, nutmegs, cream of tartar, etc., so that at a single glance I could discover just what I wanted, without rumaging to find these things in some out-of-the-way corner, placed there by some untidy Bridget. This would save one a world of care now devoted to instructing every new servant, as to all places of things. Cooking is becoming so complicated now-a-days, that one needs all the arrangements, and as many utensils, as a chemical laboratory; and the good architect should give the *mater familias* "a place for everything."

SHALL AMERICAN GIRLS BECOME SERVANTS?

WHERE to obtain good servants, and how to furnish remunerative employment for the numerous class of women who must be self-supporting, are two great social problems of the day. And there are those who fancy that the solution of one of these problems necessarily involves the solution of the other. But such persons take only the most superficial view of both subjects. There is no lack of servants, such as they are; it is the need of good servants which is so severely felt. And to increase the quantity would not necessarily improve the quality, while it would result in a reduction of the wages of domestics, which, despite the cry of exorbitance, are already quite as low as they should be.

But I will first refer to the actual practicability of this scheme. In the contemplated general exodus of needy women from their garrets into the kitchens of the wealthy, the fact is overlooked that a large proportion of these women are widows with families to support, and are compelled, for the sake of these families, to keep a home about them, however poor that home may be. These will not desert their little ones for the good homes, high wages and wholesome food which our social economists know how to describe in such glowing colors. And who can blame them, if they feel that it is better that all should starve together, than to have their little flock scattered hither and thither, dependent on the cold charities of a pitiless world?

Then, of those women who are bound by no family ties, a large number are physically incapable of performing the duties which would be required of them as domestics. Neither

habits nor education have fitted them for the position; and though they might accept, and fill it after a fashion, it would be a most unsatisfactory one for both employer and employed, and they would become broken in health, and aged before their time. For housework is not the light and trivial employment that those who have never attempted it seem to imagine. Washing, ironing, scrubbing, sweeping, standing for hours in a close, dark, and heated kitchen, cooking, building fires, and lifting heavy articles, rising early and retiring late, though they may be endured without seeming inconvenience by persons of robust constitution, will never improve and strengthen those who first attempt them with impaired health and weakened muscles. And it is a fact that admits of no question, that American women are not so strong, and cannot endure so much as foreign women. Whether this weakness and this constitutional delicacy are the natural and unavoidable results of our climate; whether they proceed from incorrect habits, and manner of dress, or from improper food, I leave for others to discuss.

Of the small fraction remaining of these women there may be a few who might with advantage to themselves seek employment in domestic service. But this is a matter that they, and they only, can decide. If they have no liking for this employment, a life spent in it would be one of perpetual weariness and disgust, and it would be folly for them to attempt it—cruelty for any one to force them into it. But if, on the other hand, they have a taste for domestic duties, and can really do better pecuniarily as servants, than in their present mode of living, it is no harm to suggest the matter to them, though we have no right to go further. Nor can we blame them if they find the scant crust of independence sweeter than the sufficient food and moderate wages offered them as the price of unremitting labor, and perpetual servitude to the requirements and whims of sometimes the most exacting and unreasonable of masters and mistresses. Let each grave counsellor make it a personal matter, and ask him or herself the question, what would be his or her decision in such a case; bearing in mind that the relations between mistress and servant are unlike those of employer and employed in any other department of labor. Between employer and employed, the pledges and exactions are mutual; whilst the mistress exacts everything from the servant and yields nothing, or as little as possible to her.

In all occupations of men, and in most of those of women outside domestic service, there are stated hours of labor. At seven in the morning they begin, and end at six in the evening. And then comes entire personal freedom which can only be interfered with by the consent of the employed, and with the understanding of extra compensation. But the duties of the servant must begin and end at just such an hour as her mistress chooses to require. And the sole respite from this unceasing toil is the half day or evening in the week grudgingly yielded, and with the usual understanding that there shall be no neglect or omission of duties, which must be performed either before going out, or after her return.

But many of these girls have no taste that lead them to the kitchen, and have really abilities, which, if rightly cultivated and directed, might lead them far higher. I know I may shock a large and respectable class of

people, who are just now urging that domestic duties are not only the most appropriate but the most honorable and the highest that women need aspire to. Even Horace Greeley has said that he would rather his daughter should know how to make a pudding than to edit a newspaper. For a woman who has a household which claims her attention, there is no degradation in performing even the most menial duties in the care of that household, if it becomes necessary. If she does her work faithfully and earnestly, there is, on the contrary, something really ennobling in it—not in the labor itself, but in the spirit which prompts its performance. But in the case of a girl who has no domestic claims upon her, and to whom the matter is presented, stripped of all sentiment, it must be considered in a far different light. She should herself consider, and others should consider for her, before they dare to advise her in the matter, whether it will be for her good, morally, intellectually, physically, and pecuniarily, that she shall enter another person's house, and perform these menial duties. She must endure, while in this position, a constant wear upon her physical system, and with the present relations between mistress and servant, few if any opportunities are allowed for moral or intellectual improvements, while the wages, large as many may consider them, sink into utter insignificance besides those which she might obtain in other positions. There are plenty of employments now beginning to be opened to women in which the labor is light in itself, and which do not stunt the growth of mind and heart, but rather contribute to their development; and in which, after a sufficient time allowed for the acquirement of a thorough and practical knowledge of them, a woman may find herself in receipt of an income of ten, fifteen, or twenty dollars per week. Added to this, her personal liberty and independence of action will be shielded by the safeguards which are thrown around all trades and professions, and her hours of labor will have a definite limit. I think, viewing matters in this light, there can be little doubt as to which position, in her peculiar case, should be designated the "higher."

Then there is another aspect of affairs. The policy of our country is to invite rather than repel emigration from foreign shores. Of this emigration that is pouring in rapidly and steadily upon us, a large proportion of the women are of a class to whom our domestic service, with its tolerable comforts, and its to them liberal wages, even with its drawbacks, offers a step in advance of their condition in their native countries—a step which it is necessary they should take before they can ascend any higher either in the scale of labor or of society. They have strength of muscle and vigor of constitution that might put even our men to shame, while besides them our American girls appear the veriest weaklings. Some place must be found for this numerous class, and if they are driven from our kitchens, incapable as they are of ascending higher, they will of necessity sink lower, and go to fill our almshouses and prisons. We cannot check this tide of emigration; so we must provide for it in such a manner as to secure, as far as possible, the best social and moral results to both our native and our foreign population. Our Irish and German girls, often devoid of education and training, can yet, by proper care and culture on the part of mistresses, in time be made to fill, and to fill well the places of domestics in our kitchens. Our American girls

are at least partially prepared to enter upon an apprenticeship to a trade, or to begin study for a business or profession, which will not only call into play the faculties which are already developed, but arouse others into active life. They need only to learn the lesson that to labor is the duty of woman as well as of man, and to feel that they must turn to it with the same energy, perseverance and faithfulness that is required of a man, to find new fields of employment ready for them, in which they may experience that delightful independence, that blessed self-ownership without which the being is only half-developed.

Will any one dare tell our lady printers, who earn their weekly twenty dollars, that they would be better off as the occupants of some kitchen under the sway of even the most reasonable and considerate of mistresses, and in the receipt of their board and a salary of three or four dollars a week? Would any one think of hinting to our lady editors and writers, some of whose names are powers in the land, and whose influence for good is unbounded, that, in agreement with Mr. Greeley's idea, they ought never to have had ambition beyond the broiling of a steak and the compounding of a pudding? Or the successful lady physicians, who count their annual incomes by thousands, that they, if they had been unable to make a living by the needle, should have turned domestics? Many do dare to say all this in effect, I know, and, in spite of the most brilliant examples and encouraging results, persist in prophesying the most ignominious failure for all those who venture to step beyond what they are pleased to call "the proper and natural sphere of woman." Whole books, to say nothing of a host of newspaper and periodical articles, are being written to prove that to be impossible which already exists beyond dispute. But these do no harm: they only set people thinking, and serve to point out more plainly to their notice the real facts in the case, which might otherwise escape their observation.

And if a certain number of women have succeeded in these and kindred occupations, what is to prevent many more from doing the same thing, provided they can be taught to look beyond the narrow limits within which prejudice prescribes a woman's employments, and can be spurred on to give the same care, time and study in preparing themselves that the successful ones have done?

The class of women who might widen their sphere of labor, were they so minded, has much to learn which we cannot hope to teach them separately and individually. We may do so, however, through the agency of a gradually enlightened public sentiment, which the mass of them will in time come to reflect.

Of the besetting sins of women in regard to labor, I have already said much in previous papers, and shall say still more in those to come, so I will pass by the subject now.

We are told that a large class of foreign servants are ignorant and inefficient. Of course they are. How can they help being otherwise? But are they any more so than a large class of their mistresses, as far, at least, as concerns household affairs? And while the former may be excused by reason of their want of opportunity to learn the proper ways of doing things, the latter have no such plea to offer, and are simply inexcusable. Women should make themselves competent to do these things, and to teach others to do them, before they can be justified in complaining of the incompetency of

others. Bridget is no more to be blamed for accepting a situation as a servant, the duties of which position she is only partially acquainted with, than is madam, her mistress, for accepting the far more responsible position of head of an establishment, with a like ignorance.

It is my firm belief, founded on both experience and observation, that good mistresses—those who are kind and considerate in their manner of treating servants, firm in their discipline, and well versed in all matters pertaining to domestic affairs—can scarcely fail to make good servants. There are exceptions, of course. There are servants who are intemperate, dishonest, or passionate, and whom no amount of patience and kindness seem capable of making otherwise.

But most mistresses lay down restrictions and regulations for their servants not only in matters concerning their work, but in things entirely of a personal nature with which they have no right to interfere, which they would find simply unbearable if imposed upon themselves or their daughters. Their incomings, their outgoings, their dress, their friends, are all subjected to rules and restrictions to an unwarranted extent. They are scarcely regarded as human beings at all, and are, by universal consent, placed beyond the pale of womanhood. No man thinks them entitled to the courtesy due to the rest of their sex. In many households the servant is nothing more than a machine, from which it is necessary to extract as much labor as possible. That she may have personal feelings and wants; that she has socially and morally the same requirements; that, as a woman, she may be subject in a degree to the same weaknesses, and be entitled to the same consideration as others of her sex, are things seldom ever thought of. But until they are—until the mistress descends, and allows her servant to arise, until they meet on the plane of a common humanity, there will be a constant and glowing antagonism between the two classes. There is much to be said on the relative duties of servant and mistress—duties and obligations which seem scarcely clear to either party, but which, if the truth must be spoken, are more often overlooked and omitted by the mistress than by her subordinate. But I have neither inclination nor space to discuss the subject further here. It is something really apart from the theme I have chosen, and deserves a separate consideration.—*Arthur's Home Mag.*

Gossip.

George Sand has recently recovered from a dangerous illness.

Anna Dickinson expects to charge \$250 for her lectures next year.

Lady Lytton, after a long absence from publication, has brought out a new novel.

Miss Olive Logan is to spend the Summer in San Francisco.

Laura Keene is writing a book on theatrical matters here and abroad.

Two young lady violinists have arrived in London, Mdle. Marie Tayan and Mdle. Liebe.

Miss Minnie Hauck has been re-engaged at the Vienna opera, and will resume her performances in September next.

Miss Lillie Robinson, of Lacrosse, Wis., is second officer of the North American order of Good Templars.

Miss Nadeechda Suslowa was the first lady to graduate at the University of Zurich with the full medal degrees.

Mrs. John Chase, of Portsmouth, N. H., has presented the Mercantile Library Association of that city with a beautiful group of statuary.

The New York *Star* says, Mrs. E. C. Stanton's husband is one of the best speakers it ever heard, but his wife can easily discount him.

An article on the "Medical Gazette Prize" expresses astonishment that it should be won by a woman, Mrs. Melissa M. Webster.

Mrs. Belle Mausfield, the first woman admitted to the bar in the West, is permanent President of the Iowa Woman Suffrage Association.

Miss Crocker, of Boston, declines to serve as one of the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association.

The Methodist Preachers' Association of Cincinnati are discussing the propriety of licensing women to preach.

Miss Josephine Hoyt, the New Canaan Postmistress, has been presented with a gold watch and chain by the citizens, for her "signal abilities."

Iowa has two lady County Superintendents of Schools. Miss Addington, of Mitchell, was elected by the people, and Mrs. Gage appointed by the Supervisors of Black Hawk county.

Miss Kate Field will lecture next winter on Charles Dickens. Her personal reminiscences of the great novelist will add much interest to her treatment of this subject.

Miss Kellogg, who occupies a portion of Mr. Wilson's studio in the Tenth street building, New York, has finished a portrait of Mr. Hatch, of the firm of Claflin & Co.

Four lecturers have chosen Joan of Arc as a subject for next season—Anna Dickinson, Grace Greenwood, E. P. Whipple and Rev. Rowland Connor.

Miss Rose E. Rolinson, of Lima, who lectured last Winter on the subject of "Work and Wages," is now preparing a lecture for the coming season on "Driftwood."

St Paul has a Working-woman's Building Society, for the negotiation of homestead loans. It is needless to add that its benefits are confined to lone women.

The women of the village of Ithaca, whose names were upon the last corporation tax-roll, voted on the Water Works question, generally voting against the measure.

The Young Ladies Aid Society of Canandaigua is about erecting a tablet in the Court House in that village, in memory of deceased soldiers, and will expend \$1,800 in the work.

Richard Henry Stoddard, the New York poet,

writes more poems for festival and memorial occasions than any American author. This is one reason why we do not oftener see his name on new books.

The following English magazines are edited by women—*Belgravia*, by Miss Braddon; *St. James*, by Mrs. Riddle; *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, by Mrs. Beeton, and the *Argosy*, by Mrs. Henry Wood.

The Spanish Order of Noble Ladies, which has been conferred on Madam Ollivier, carries with it the title of "Excellency," and confers a rank equivalent to that of grandee. There are at present in France only ten other ladies who have the right to wear it.

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